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LYRICS

FOR

LEISURE HOURS.

BY  
FLORENCE WILSON.



—— “I did beguile the time  
By twining a poor garland of wild flowers.”

OLD PLAY.

LONDON :

CUNNINGHAM AND MORTIMER, ADELAIDE-STREET,  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

——  
1842.

186.

**LONDON:**

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## **Dedicatory Stanzas.**

---

THOU TO WHOM THE GIFT OF SONG  
ALL ACKNOWLEDGE DOTH BELONG ;  
THOU FROM WHOSE MELODIOUS LYRE  
FLOWS THE POET'S LYRIC FIRE ;  
MOTHER ! TAKE THIS CHAPLET WILD,  
WOVEN BY THY PUPIL-CHILD ;  
THO' IT ADDS NO LEAF TO THINE,  
LET IT WITH THY LAURELS TWINE ;  
AND,—WHATE'ER ITS FATE MAY BE,  
I HEED NOT,—IF APPROVED BY THEE.



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LYRICS  
FOR  
LEISURE HOURS.

---

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

No. I.

---

HAGAR'S PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

---

1.

O'er the desert vast and dreary,  
Hagar's fainting footsteps pass'd ;  
While her soul, of life nigh weary,  
Shrank beneath the burning blast.

B.

Thro' that Vale of Death she stray'd;  
For the child her steps attending,  
Thus the outcast mother pray'd.

3.

" Lord ! the cruse is dry and failing,  
And my thirst-parch'd infant tries  
Vainly amid tears and wailing,  
For its draught ;—he faints, he dies !

4.

" Pity, Lord ! a mother's anguish,  
Close this pilgrimage of grief ;  
Let me not behold him languish,  
Nor have power to yield relief !

5.

( 3 )

6.

“ Ope the desert’s hidden water  
To these vainly searching eyes,  
Then shall Egypt’s wretched daughter  
Bless the aid that Heaven supplies !”

---

No. II.

---

SAMUEL CALLED BY THE LORD.

---

1.

Within the sacred fane he slept,  
That pure and holy child,  
Whose eyes no tear of grief had wept,  
Whose heart no sin beguil’d.

2.

In dreams he sees the home of bliss  
His infant footsteps trod ;  
And feels that mother’s parting kiss  
Who lent him to her God.

His name is loud address'd ;  
And rising deems the holy Seer  
Has call'd him from his rest.

4.

The lamp before the ark burns bright,  
Nor needs a fresh supply  
From his young hand to feed its light ;—  
What means this midnight cry ?

5.

His ready feet soon trace their way  
The sacred pavement o'er ;  
And, with meek rev'rence to obey,  
He stands the priest before.

6.

( 5 )

7.

Thrice did it call ! and thrice the youth  
Obedient answering came ;  
Till ELI felt the VOICE OF TRUTH  
Had spoken Samuel's name.

8.

The chosen Prophet Heav'n had bless'd,  
The word too long conceal'd,  
He knew at once ;—and bade him rest  
Till God his will revealed.

9.

And to that will the priest of God  
Due deference did accord ;  
Humbly he bent to kiss the rod,  
And said, " IT IS THE LORD."

—  
**ABRAHAM OFFERING UP**  
—

**1.**

In silence towards Moriah's land  
That twain together trod ;  
The Patriarch leading by the hand  
The child he gave to God.

**2.**

“ My father ! ” spake at length  
“ All things prepared I see  
But where's the Lamb, the youngling  
Which shall the offering be

**3.**

( 7 )

4.

Behold, the wood in order laid,  
The mortal Lamb prepared,  
Each rite of worship duly paid—  
The fatal knife is bar'd ;——

5.

(Type of the sacrifice of HIM  
Whose blood, in after years,  
Washed from mankind the stains of sin,  
And hush'd guilt's boding fears.)

6.

When lo ! a voice from Heaven arrests  
The Patriarch's uprais'd hand ;  
That voice his perfect FAITH attests  
At whose divine command,

7.

The cherished treasure of his age,  
The child that God had giv'n,  
In the full strength of *faith* the Sage  
Restores, when ask'd, to Heav'n.



~~OUR ABRAHAM'S FAITH,~~  
Each sacrifice that Heaven  
*Undoubting* to fulfil.

9.

May we, obedient as the you  
Have ABRAHAM's faith, t  
" Lord ! when I hear the vo  
I will its call obey !"

## THE SABBATH.

### 1.

There is a sweetness in the Sabbath's calm,  
To hearts which do not own Religion's  
power ;  
For care's depressing ills it brings a balm,  
And sheds its influence o'er life's fe-  
vered hour ;  
While Pleasure's pulse and Folly's voice it  
stills,  
And Earth's unholy joys no more the bosom  
thrills.

### 2.

But,—to the heart where pure devotion  
dwells,  
The Sabbath brings a happier holyday ;  
There's heavenly music in its chiming bells,  
Calling the Christian from the world  
away ;

**To commune with his God  
house of prayer.**

THE EXILE-GIRL TO HER  
BROTHER.\*

1.

Oh ! lay me not in a stranger land,  
Let me sleep where our Fathers lie;  
I could not rest on a foreign strand,  
Beneath a foreign sky.  
Then bear me back, while yet there's time,  
To our home across the wave,  
And let the flowers of our own bright  
clime  
Blossom above my grave.

2.

There is something, oh ! so drear and sad  
In the land we dwell in now ;  
I feel as tho' Death's cypress had  
Already wreathed my brow !

---

\* The idea of this trifle originated in the illness, and subsequent death, of an Italian girl, who accompanied her brother, a young artist, to London.

With that rich glow of H  
As in our native clime.

3.

And the pale Sun has oft  
Withdrawn his feeble re  
Leaving earth dark and de  
For many dreary days.  
When thou'rt not by I mo  
Thy presence still begui  
And often sigh, again to r  
Where sunshine ever sn

4.

The Moon alone unchang'  
So calm and purely bri

I feel my days on earth are short,—  
Death gathers round my heart.

5.

Parents and Friend thou'st been to me,  
And scarce I've felt their loss ;  
For all my childhood's artless glee  
I found in thee the source.  
Yes, thou did'st kiss away the tears  
That grief had caused to flow ;  
And chas'd away my idle fears,  
And calm'd each girlish woe.

6.

And patiently, both day and night,  
Thou sought'st my gloom to cheer,  
And our lone home grew glad and bright  
When thy lov'd form was near.  
Then, dearest, 'tis a sister's prayer  
That Heaven may be our rest ;  
That reunited we may share  
The bliss of those most blest.

Mother! look down from Heave  
And smile these fears away;—  
Nay, gentle Brother, do not wee  
More calmly bear thy woe;  
When these eyes close in Death's  
*Then* may the tear drops flow.

8.

And promise thou wilt let me lie  
Where all our race are laid;  
Beneath Italia's smiling sky,  
Under the citron shade.  
I read the promise in thine eyes,  
I trace it on thy brow;  
Sweet Brother! cease those heav  
For I am happy *now*.

## THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

1.

Who has not heard that "still small voice"  
Distinctly in his bosom speak,  
When tempted to despise—rejoice  
At faults o'er which the angels weep ?

2.

Who has not heard that whisper'd tone,  
When raging envy in his breast  
Forbad night's hour, so still and lone,  
To yield the wearied spirit rest ?

3.

Who has not heard that voice appeal  
To those best feelings man should know,  
And not in cynic coldness steel  
His bosom 'gainst another's woe ?



And shadows curtained earl  
The magic of that sacred spel  
Which in each human brea

5.

The Good—regard its gentle v  
An heavenly minister, that  
A pulse to make the heart rej  
While virtue in the bosom li

6.

The Bad—o'er them it has a f  
From whose stern check the  
A spell that at life's closing ho  
Can penitence and hope sup

7.

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.

1.

Upon the hush'd air silence sleeps,  
And calmness o'er the valley creeps ;  
The birds have ceased their tuneful song,  
And twilight steals the earth along,  
Like shadows o'er a maiden's face,  
That hide, but rob it not of grace ;  
And earth and skies confess the power  
That waits on Twilight's gentle hour.

2.

Fresh morn will soon awake the air,  
The skies their golden liv'ry wear ;  
And the gay birds with matin song,  
On fresh-plum'd wings will glide along  
The heather brakes and bushes green,  
And light and joy illume each scene ;  
And every bud, and tree, and flower,  
Welcome again Morn's busy hour.

remote from care and mental  
When warring passions of the  
Sink gently down, like summer  
After a day of storm and cloud  
When evening's mists the valley  
So worldly cares resign their  
In life's unfever'd TWILIGHT

BALLAD.

*At Boulogne-sur-Mér, on a rock overhanging the sea, there is a rude altar erected to the Virgin, to which the wives and daughters of the fishermen repair, to offer up prayers for their husbands and relatives when they are about to embark on their dangerous calling.*

1.

“ Look, Mother dear! across the sea,  
The threaten'd storm has passed away;  
Our fishers' tiny barks I see,  
And Arnold will return to-day.”  
The Mother looked;—her anxious eye  
In that false calm could see no joy,  
But in the crimson-tinted sky  
She read of peril to her boy.

2.

“ Look, Mother dear! how smooth the  
wave,  
It scarcely ripples 'gainst the shore ;

“ My child, last night the sea  
To him who ploughs the  
Forboded ill ;—and in my d  
I saw the signs of wreck a

3.

“ Come, Mother dear ! and v  
Together at Madonna’s sh  
Her dove-like pity she will le  
And Arnold guard with ai  
The prayer was heard ;—the  
dark

Burst with wild fury o’er tl  
But angels watch’d young A  
And brought it safe to shor

## NIGHT AT SĒA.

1.

Darkness is on the deep !  
The Spirit of the Storm with brooding wings  
A pall-like canopy o'er ocean flings,  
While the lone seaman doth his vigil keep.

2.

Silence is on the wave !  
Save when it swells against the vessel's sides,  
As on her steady course she onward glides ;  
Like mortals wending calmly towards  
the grave.

3.

Light glimmers o'er the deep !  
And the pale stars look from the arch of  
Heaven  
Like angel eyes, to whom the task is given  
O'er slumbering earth an unseen watch  
to keep.

**Chases the darkness and the  
And with her silver beams  
ray  
Makes bright the midnigh  
June.**

## THE ENGLISH GIRL'S REQUEST.

### 1.

Oh ! bear me home to die !  
Not *here* unblest,  
'Mid strangers let me lie,  
In earth's cold breast.  
But, where the twilight breeze  
Thro' my ancestral trees  
Sigheth soft melodies—  
THERE let me rest.

### 2.

Oh ! bear me home to die  
In mine own land ;  
Let my dim-closing eye  
Rest on spots scanned  
When life and hope were new,  
Ere to my startled view  
Fate its dark veil withdrew  
With ruthless hand.



Upon my pallid brow  
Home's cheering rays ;  
The murmur of the stream—  
The twilight's softened beam,  
Speak to my home-sick dream  
Of happier days.

4.

Oh ! let me calmly rest  
Beneath the sod,  
Upon whose verdant breast  
My girlhood trod ;  
And 'neath the willow tree  
That droopeth mournfully,  
There let my ashes be  
When I'm with God.

The village children play,  
My grave beside ;  
Watching with guardian care  
Around that spot so fair—  
My happy spirit there  
Unseen shall glide.

6.

Then bear me home to die !  
Not *here* unblest,  
'Mid strangers let me lie  
In earth's cold breast.  
But where the Sabbath bell  
Sounds sweet o'er vale and dell,  
Shedding its holy spell—  
THERE let me rest.

# THE LION'S APPEAL BRITISH FA

*Written on the occasion of one of  
exhibitions at the Th*

## 1.

Once of the forest I was kin  
And rang'd its wilds at wi  
What am I now?—the abjec  
Of Man's superior skill.

## 2.

Shrinking beneath the Oppre  
Caged—prison'd, and conf  
A sight for *pity*, not a *shew*,

---

Feeble and faint, in this sad hour  
Is but a moan of pain.

4.

My caged companions, helpless, mute,  
Sullen around me stand ;  
Man has chang'd nature with the Brute,  
That trembles 'neath his hand.

5.

*Subdued*, not *conquered*, they express  
With impotence of rage,  
And growls of anguish, their distress,  
And pace their prison-cage.

6.

Worse than the bloody scenes which shamed  
ROME's fam'd arena, where  
Soft Gratitude the Lion tam'd,\*  
And bade him nobly spare.

---

\* Vide Fable of Androcles and the Lion.

~~THEIR SINGERS & SINGERS~~  
Of soft refinement know,  
In brilliant throngs, night at  
Sit, to behold our woe !

8.

Yet they would weep, if told  
Crouch'd 'neath Oppressi  
In this blest Isle, free as the  
That gird its rocky strand

9.

OPPRESSION ! at the very w  
Hearts to its downfall rus  
It draws the Freeman's reac  
Wakes Woman's burning

11.

No ! HE who made that Brute to feel,  
Like Man, the smart of pain,  
Thro' conscience whispers man should  
heal,  
Not forge the galling chain.

12.

Proving himself " Creation's Lord,"  
And not its tyrant ;—given  
Mercy and justice to accord,  
As delegate of Heav'n.

13.

Daughters of Britain ! ye who hold  
Affection's silken rein  
O'er Man's proud heart ; be yours not  
cold,  
Nor let Brutes plead in vain.

## **TWILIGHT IS ON**

**1.**

**Twilight is on the deep,  
Night's curtains fall a  
The eyes of angels keep  
Their watch profound.  
Tired Nature seeks repos  
Even from the wild bea  
Unto the folded rose  
Rest welcoming.**

**2.**

**Twilight is on the deep !**

Too fairly-like to last  
For earth's sad guest.

3.

Twilight is on the deep !  
Bringing fond thoughts of thee;—  
As visions come with sleep,  
Thy form to me  
Floats on the misty wing  
Of this soft hour,  
Chast'ning and hallowing  
Love's fervid power.



## LAUGHTER

### 1.

There is a laugh that light  
From the pure heart alo.  
A laugh, whose happy, joy  
Breathe music in each to  
Such the gay laugh that gi  
(Its hours are brief and fi  
Ere on her soft cheek's oper  
Has fall'n pale Sorrow's

### 2.

There is a laugh that hath i  
From deep corroding Cal  
A laugh in meek-

3.

There is a laugh—its echo round  
Strikes the chill'd soul with dread ;  
That hollow, deep, sepul'chral sound  
Might issue from the dead.  
'Tis the poor Maniac's laughter wild  
When reason quits her shrine :  
Pray thou on whom its light hath smil'd,  
Such mirth may ne'er be thine.



## THE WORD

Farewell ! it hath a  
That one brief word  
Of hopes that blossom  
Smiling and bright, and  
Of happy days, and joy  
Ephemeral as spring-t  
Visions for earth, too  
Whose glowing light t  
With rainbow tints and  
Melting in air unseen a

( 35 )

Night ! sable Sorrow's vigil hour,  
When memory reigns with magic power ;  
When gone-by days and scenes long past  
Throng o'er the senses thick and fast ;  
And fancy hears hope's parting knell  
In that sad lingering word—FAREWELL.



## THE W

The Warder looks fi  
Of the castle's top:  
To see if aught he ca  
Of the foe's advanc  
His sinewy hand o'er  
Is arched his sight  
With steady gaze thro  
Of light o'er the prc

2.

A knight came slowly  
On a coal-black con-

( 37 )


But a war-like port the rider shows,  
And stately is his mien ;  
Like that, each gallant soldier knows  
In battle's turmoil seen.

3.

“ What news, Sir Knight, from the battle  
field  
I pray thee, tell to me ?”  
“ Thy Chieftain sleeps on his 'scutcheon'd  
shield  
In the arms of Victory.  
No more in his sire's ancestral hall  
Shall that gallant knight carouse ;  
And thy Ladye must doff her purple and  
pall,  
And mourn for her slaughtered spouse.”

4.

Fast down the aged Warder's cheek  
The tears of sorrow ran ;—



Thy onward path to  
For my Ladye must be  
Breathed slowly in  
And the cup of welcome  
Thy weary heart to

5.

The massive portal open  
And the knight has entered  
A young page came his  
To his Ladye's bower  
And he told so well his tale  
That pity for the slain  
Made that Ladye's tears  
Like drops of summer

( 39 )

“ It was but to try thy gentle heart,  
My Edith! forgive the pain,  
And this kiss is a pledge we shall not part,  
Till war's trumpet sounds again.”



# A SABBATH T

(On the Conti

1.

Where is the Sabbath

Alas! not *here*;

Here is no sacred res

The soul to cheer.

Here mirth with read

Folly's gay pagean

While in the crowded

Revelry dwells.

2.

Where does the Sabba

With hallowing pow

---

3.

Where is God's temple found ?  
Where do we feel  
His presence shed around  
Sin's wounds to heal ?  
Is't in cathedral proud,  
Where choral voices blend,  
And in hosannas loud  
To Heaven ascend ?

4.

Or,—where the deep-toned bell  
Booms on the air;  
Calling with sullen knell  
To midnight prayer ?  
Where the dim-lighted shrine  
Its cold gleam throws,  
Mocking the light divine  
Religion knows ?

5.

“ God's temple is all space—”  
Through earth, sea, air,

There may Devotion  
There may the Chr  
And all the comfort fi  
Of this blest day.

## AMBITION.

### 1.

What is Ambition—say?  
The innate love of fame ;  
A mighty master holding sway  
O'er all the human frame.  
It nerves the warrior's arm,  
Unsheaths the hero's sword ;  
A watchword 'tis, all ears to charm,  
All graces to accord.

### 2.

It tunes the statesman's tongue  
With eloquence unknown ;  
Till by its power cold words are strung  
To passion's burning tone.  
It gives the poet's lyre  
A melody divine ;  
And feelings like the lava fire  
Gush forth in every line.

A wreath that cannot fade ;  
All passions at its altar bow,  
It casts all into shade.  
Wealth yields its treasured gold  
Pale avarice its hoard ;  
Beneath its sway are bought all  
All that the heart has stored

4.

Friendship becomes a dream,  
And love a smiling cheat ;  
The worldling's scoff,—the  
scheme  
Before its magic fleet.  
What is Ambition—say ?

## THE YOUNG CHIEF'S BRIDE.

### 1.

“ Oh ! swiftly speed my gallant bark,  
And bear me o'er the swelling wave ;  
I do not heed yon storm-cloud dark,  
Though it betides a watery grave.  
I go to claim my plighted love,  
The fairest flower in Scotia's isle,  
And though yon cloud a tempest prove,  
To me 'twill seem like summer's smile.”

### 2.

Thus spake the chief of Alpine's clan—  
A fair-haired youthful chieftain he ;  
Yet foremost ever in the van  
Of all Clan-Alpine's chivalry ;  
To wed the maiden of his choice—  
The blue-eyed Ellen of Lochiel—  
He hastes, although the tempest's voice  
Betokens more of woe than weal.

■  
Sang round it like some  
But all unmoved, young L  
Gleamed brightly in the  
And ere the midnight mass  
(True love no winds or w  
With blushing cheek was E  
Back to that bark THE Y  
BRIDE.

## LAY OF THE DYING POET.

1.

Farewell, ye bright and brilliant things  
That flit like visions o'er my brain ;  
Farewell ye soft imaginings  
That never can be mine again.  
The summer with its flowers and bloom,  
The autumn with its drooping leaves,  
Have passed away ; and winter's gloom  
My web of destiny achieves.

2.

Farewell my lute ! whose tuneful chords,  
Responsive to the poet's tone,  
Gave grace and melody to words  
That claimed no music of their own ;  
Farewell my lamp, whose faithful light  
Hath gleamed untiring o'er the scroll  
(From midnight's hour till dawn grew  
bright)  
On which the poet poured his soul.



Excel the sweetest minstrel's song ;  
Farewell thou sun, whose parting rays  
Shed golden tints thy path along.  
Thou show'st me while the mortal grieves  
Or trembles at its own decay,  
The *immortal mind* a radiance leaves  
To track through Time its glorious

STANZAS :

*Written for the occasion of the Cambrian Ball,  
held at Willis's Rooms, April 23rd, 1841, in aid  
of the funds of the WELSH CHARITY.*

1.

Speed the Dance ! with bounding feet  
And joyous hearts its mazes tread ;  
Cull the rose ! for Beauty meet  
To-night its power to wound has fled.  
For Pity's hand has stripped the thorn  
From Pleasure's fragrant emblem-flower ;  
While Mercy (Pity's eldest born)  
Reigns o'er the revels of this hour.

2.

Blending with airs of modern days  
Our native harp shall wake its strain ;  
For hearts beat here, to whom its lays  
Recall the " mountain land " again ;

roam,

Still shines fond Memory  
Cambria ! to guide thy

3.

Wallia is proud of scenes  
Where patriot hear  
abound ;  
And it enhances ev'ry bliss  
To know they scatter bliss  
Then speed the dance ! let  
To aid the joys such music  
There's melody in every note  
When Charity attunes the

STANZAS :

*Written for the occasion of the Cambrian Ball,  
held at Willis's Rooms, March 31st, 1842, to  
celebrate the birth of the Prince of Wales, and  
in aid of the funds of the WELSH SCHOOL.*

1.

From each beacon-hill and valley  
Of her ancient warlike land,  
CAMBRIA bids her children rally  
Round her cause;—a gallant band!  
Voices from the flood and mountain,  
Like the gentle breath of home,  
Scenes of earliest years recounting,  
Bid ye to our revels come.

2.

Mercy, Pity's heaven-born daughter,  
Hallow's mirth, and music's strain;  
Ne'er when want or misery sought her,  
Has her aid been asked in vain.

Like some fairy spirit gli  
Will her dove-like glar

3.

Come, then, where brigh  
ding

Radiance pure as aught  
Come, then, where true h  
ing

Blessings round the scen  
Come, where Pleasure's en  
Beauty's graceful brows  
Though amid the wreath re  
No unseen, or lurking th

Come ! (from mystic grove and valley,  
As of yore the Priestess Seer,\*  
Round her shrine bade patriots rally)  
Cambria bids ye now appear !

\* Norma, the Druid Prophetess.

## MADRIGAL.

### 1.

Sometimes when the evening comes  
And thy fancy wanders free  
From amidst the folding roses,  
Let soft mem'ry turn to me.

### 2.

Sometimes when the morning light  
And the blush of day appear  
As from dreams thy soul awakes  
Fresh as are the flow'ret's tears

( 55 )

4.

Hours, that all too swiftly fled,  
Hours with calm contentment bright,  
Hours, that Time's stern pinion cheated,  
Turning shadow into light.

5.

Sometimes when soft twilight closes,  
And from busy crowds thou'rt free ;  
Lingering mid the folded roses,  
Let fond mem'ry turn to me.



1.

Flowers ! lovely flowers !  
How beautiful ye seem ;  
As fair and fragile  
As a poet's dream.  
In each soft tint  
Some emblem he would trace  
To shadow forth  
Young Beauty's every grace.

2.

The LILY's white,  
Her pure complexion shows,  
CARNATION lights her cheek—  
Her lid the ROSE.

3.

The constant SUNFLOWER,  
Like her faithful breast,  
Still turns, unchanged,  
Where its affections rest.  
Flowers ! lovely flowers !  
Ye blossom but to fade  
Too often like the hopes  
Of trusting maid.

4.

Yet from your leaves  
A fragrance ever springs,  
Like the undying sweets  
That virtue flings  
Around the memory  
Of the buried "Just,"  
Embalming—hallowing  
The mortal's dust.

## A LYRIC

### 1.

When the early stars are p  
From their azure-tinted  
When the rose love's vigil  
Lists her faithful warble  
When the bat on drowsy p  
Wheels in circles o'er th  
And soft twilight holds do  
I will meet thee, dearest,

### 2.

When quivering moonbeam  
O'er the blue and tranqu  
When the ears of maidens l

3.

When on misty vale and mountain  
Shades, like phantom forms appear ;  
When the murmur of the fountain  
Falls like music on the ear ;  
When Nature seems reposing  
In meadow, grove, and glen,  
And labour's eyes are closing,  
I will meet thee, dearest, then.

•

## THE TITLED BRIDE.

### 1.

She was a fair and gentle girl,  
All brightness and all bloom ;  
But wedded to an aged Earl  
With one foot in the tomb.  
I saw her on her bridal day  
• It was a sight of woe ;  
'Twas January joined to May,  
Whence hope could never flow.

### 2.

I saw her next an envied wife,  
But the wan hue of care  
On her pale cheek bespoke the strife

3.

I saw her next in widowed pride,  
The idol of the throng,  
With every attribute beside  
That could to wealth belong ;  
And nobly had she borne the fate  
At which she ne'er repined ;  
And now a young and fitting mate  
Love has to her assigned.

**A DUET.**

**1.**

**THE LOVER**

There's a breeze on the sea  
in the sky,  
And light o'er the blue wave  
fly ;

There's a smile on your cheek  
brow has no shade,  
Oh ! this bright summer day  
lovers made ;

Then come, my own Lilla, and  
As our light vessel glides  
along.

Like specks in the distance, so tiny they  
seem ;

They *may* be the motes in the sun's dancing  
beam :

But the mariner sees with his long practised  
eye

In that shade—and those wanderers—the  
tempest is nigh.

3.

BOTH VOICES.

Thus ever will Love point to scenes of  
delight,

And make the whole world of existence  
seem bright,

Till Caution and Prudence, cold Reason to  
aid,

Cast o'er the bright prospect a chill and a  
shade.

But oh ! let us look to the warm sunny side,  
My Lilla, as over life's ocean we glide.



## LUFRA'S LAME

*(Suggested by the Death of a Newf*

I've none to love me—none to  
Maimed, helpless—aged, and  
Unnoticed by the passer-by,  
Here have I laid me down to  
My master! I have followed  
Through all thy fortunes faith  
In summer's warmth and win  
I was companion of thy way;  
And once thy life did Lufra s  
When sinking 'neath th' engu  
And when no human help wa  
Proved more than *human* frien  
- - - - -

Spoke but to scorn thy blighted fame,  
 And shower down insults on thy name ?  
 When she towards whom thy sick'ning soul  
 Yearned as its haven and its goal ;  
 When she in beauty's high blown pride  
 Spurned thee disdainful from her side ;  
 And thou didst tear thyself away,  
 Loathing the sunny light of day ;—  
 Lufra thy fainting steps did trace,  
 And tracked thee to thy hiding place,  
 Where fever's blood coursed through thy  
                   veins

Like lava fire, and frenzy's flames  
 Burnt up thy mind ; when none were there  
 With Lufra his sad task to share,  
 Or wake thee from thy death-like swoon  
 When fever's raging pulse was gone ;  
 I laid me down to mourn and wail  
 Beside thy form so cold and pale ;  
 Guarded thy form with ceaseless care  
 Till warmth and feeling wakened there.

Why is thy faithful dog forgot  
And why forbid to share thy lot  
I hastened to thy well-known cell  
My tottering limbs from weakness fell  
Though the delay I heard thee  
Returning strength was still denied  
I *could* not move;—ah, why didst thou  
Deal on my shaggy coat a blow  
Trembling I crawled to lick thy hand  
When thou didst spurn me to the ground  
Helpless from age and torturing pain  
These dim eyes seek thy face in vain  
My long career is nearly o'er,  
Master, I ne'er shall greet thee more  
Death's icy chills are o'er me now

A RHAPSODY.

1.

I sigh for solitude !

I sicken of the heartless, busy crowd :  
My heart and spirit are not in the mood  
For its light follies, and its laughter  
loud :

Give *me* a silent room, and starlit night ;  
World ! take all else of what *thou* call'st  
delight.

2.

I gaze into the bright and balmy air  
E'en from this pent-up city ; till my  
soul  
Pants, struggles to be free, unfettered *there*,  
Beyond the reach of earth, and earth's  
control :

My yearning spirit longs at once to spring  
From the encumbering clay that holds its  
soaring wing.

the expanse of ether ;  
my soul  
Revolt at earth-bound scene  
home  
In some bright sphere,  
bound, no goal ?  
Wherefore ?—because immortal  
And its true home is in—et

## THE PROPOSAL.

1.

Wilt thou bid adieu to thy father's hearth,  
And the old grey walls that at thy birth  
Rang with the harp and the wine-cup's  
glee,

To seek a distant home with me ?

2.

Wilt thou bid adieu to each scene so blest,  
And weep farewell on thy mother's breast ;  
Content to tread life's path with me,  
In a distant land beyond the sea ?

3.

Canst thou resign without one fear  
All thy young heart has held so dear ;  
Give up—nor sigh again to see  
Thy home—for one of love with me ?

Wilt thou regret thy girl  
And wish each breeze that  
Would waft thee back to

5.

Will no sad sigh escape  
Nor murmur'd word in  
Nor wandering thought  
Recall thy native valley'

6.

Say, may I lead thee from  
To share a Wanderer's  
To cling, unchanged, through  
In a distant home beyond

STANZAS.

1.

The glorious SUN with all his power  
Owns a majestic hand  
Created him, and sent him forth  
To warm each teeming land.

2.

The silent gentle vestal MOON,  
Mid clouds of liquid light,  
Owns 'twas a God who placed her there  
As radiant queen of night.

3.

The lowliest FLOWER that blooming grows  
Bows to that heavenly sway,  
Which breath'd such perfume o'er its  
leaves  
And painted them so gay.



Each tuneful BIRD that

Warbles His praise  
Who with a glorious ha  
Its wings in gorgeous

5.

The mighty OCEAN can  
Obedient to that will  
Whose power can hush  
And bid the winds “

6.

'Tis MAN alone who di  
That wise Almighty  
Whose never failing po  
The meanest atom's

COME WITH ME.

1.

Come with me, where the streamlet is  
flowing ;

Come with me, where the wild brier is  
blowing ;

Come with me, come with me !

Come, where Nature's warblers are singing,  
Where its fragrance the thyme-bank is  
flinging—

As the bee to its blossoms is clinging,

Come with me, come with me.

2.

Come with me, where the violet is peeping ;

Come with me, where the ivy is creeping ;

Come with me, come with me.

On the leaves 'neath his warm  
    clining,  
Where the rose is with eglantine  
    Come with me, come with me.

3.

Come with me, I will whisper th  
Fond tales;—nay, shrink not,  
    thee;  
    Come with me, come with me.  
No word shall salute thy chaste  
That angels in Heaven may not l  
For to me thou art sacred and de  
    Come with me, come with me.

STANZAS.

1.

Why should we name the dead,  
But with a mournful sound ?  
Like odour from a flower-vase shed,  
Their memory scatters round  
A sweetness, though they sleep in death,  
More fragrant than a living wreath.

2.

From all life's perils safe,  
The struggles and the woes  
That *here* the vexed spirit chafe  
And wreck the heart's repose ;  
Why should we mourn that they have  
passed  
The stormy wave—the raging blast ?

The loss is not to them,—  
Theirs is the certain gain  
While we are left the tide to  
They rest from care or pain  
And o'er their lot we should  
Nor lift to Heaven a murmur

4.

No ! rather let us mourn  
O'er hearts whose love has  
O'er faith that *never* can return  
When once its truth has  
Hearts rent by death rejoin  
Not so the hearts that EARLY

( 77 )

Sad pilgrims 'mid this vale of tears,  
When all of hope is gone ;  
Without a ray to cheer the gloom,  
That makes the heart a living tomb.

## GENTLE NIGHT

1.

Gentle Night! magic Night  
Smiling peace o'er grove  
'Neath thy soft and trembli  
Lovers sigh and poets di  
Gen

2.

Gentle Night! fairy Night  
Purer than thy sister, Day  
Who would change thy char  
For golden morning's glo  
Gen

( 79 )

4.

Gentle Night ! silent Night !  
Queen of meditation's hour ;  
Sad must be the bosom's plight  
That does not feel thy soothing power,  
Gentle Night !

5.

Gentle Night ! peaceful Night !  
To thee the angel-task is given  
To touch the mourning heart with light,  
And whisper hopes that breathe of  
Heaven,  
Gentle Night !



## STANZAS:

“ TO A BRIGHT PARTICUL

1.

Fair star ! I love thee as decl  
Melts in the blushes of the w  
Thou comest forth to my exp  
A gem of beauty on the brow  
I love to gaze upon thy tranq  
Until my soul is wrapped in f  
And visions float before my r  
That open all the joys of para

2.

Methinks thou look'st like ft

Through the wild lab'rinth of the devious  
     way  
 The earthly pilgrim's feet are doomed to  
     stray,  
 Shining undimm'd from those unclouded  
     spheres  
 On all my youthful hopes, and joys and  
     fears.

## 3.

Fair star! still wilt thou shine in glory on  
 When all the brightness of my life is gone?  
 Say, wilt thou light some future Poet's  
     dreams,  
 And bless some future watcher with thy  
     beams?  
 Ah, yes! for like the still-immortal soul  
 Thy light no earthly changes can controul;  
 Unquenched, unconquered, thy ethereal  
     flame,  
 When *I* am dust, shall shine in Heaven  
     the same.

## THE QUEST

### 1.

Say, what is wealth, or po  
The phantoms of an hour  
That do not give the heart  
Or tint the young cheek's  
That cannot solace, cannot  
The breast where grief has

### 2.

Say, what is dreaded pove  
A phantom from which we  
A mist, through which ho  
When all life's blandishme

Round which young love and friendship  
twine

Like tendrils of the clasping vine,  
If fate allowed the power to me  
To choose my future destiny ?

4.

My answering heart replies—  
Midway of both extremes  
The bright path of existence lies  
That fills the Poet's dreams ;  
“ Nor poverty nor riches ” be  
The lot that fate assigns to me.

1834.

1.

Night! thou'rt the time for rest  
When wearied limbs repose  
And on thy calm maternal breast  
The aching eye-lids close;  
Night thou'rt the time for rest

2.

Night! thou'rt the time for dream  
When visions of the past  
Gush o'er the soul from memory  
Too fresh, too fair to last;  
Night! thou'rt the time for dream

3.

1834.

4.

Night ! thou'rt the time for love  
Not born of passion's light,  
But that, like the up-springing dove  
Winging towards Heaven its flight ;  
Night ! thou'rt the time for love.

5.

Night ! thou'rt the time for grief  
Which daylight hath suppressed ;  
When pent-up feelings find relief,  
Nor fear the worldling's jest ;  
Night ! thou'rt the time for grief.

6.

Night ! thou'rt the time for tears,  
Which no intruders know ;  
Whose idle pity, scarce hid tears  
Would mock them as they flow ;  
Night thou'rt the time for tears.

Night gives reflection birth ;  
The soul to musing given  
Shakes from her wings the day  
And soars fresh-plumed to  
Night gives reflection birth.

8.

Night is the time for peace,  
When gentle thoughts hold  
And all the tempest-passions cease  
That tear the heart by day ;  
Night is the time for peace.

9.

Then welcome, gentle night.

## MUSIC AND MEMORY.

“ Some chord is wakened, and the heart replies.”

COWPER.

1.

How oft a strain of music brings,  
Though heard amid the careless crowd,  
Fond memories of forgotten things  
When years the weary heart have bow'd.

2.

Some cherished friendship, sealed by death,  
Some dream of hope, departed long ;  
Comes wafted on the fairy breath  
Of music, melody, or song.

3.

And tears that *will* not be suppressed,  
And sighs that burst their hidden cell,  
Spring to the eyes, or heave the breast  
Called up by Music's magic spell.



# **SWEET, DOST THOU I**

**(BALLAD.)**

**1.**

**Sweet, dost thou love me? nay**

**·       reply,**

**I'll read it in thy quivering l**

**downcast eye ;**

**I'll trace the answer on thy**

**speak upon thy cheek**

**In the warm blush that man**

**other voice I'll seek ;**

**Sweet, dost thou love**

There's a struggle in thy gentle breast—a  
cloud upon thy mind,  
That for a moment, dims the light in that  
vestal temple shined.  
Sweet, dost thou love me ?

3.

Sweet, dost thou love me ? the tear has  
passed away,  
Like the bright diamond dew-drops that  
gem an April day ;  
And thy soft blue eye is turned towards  
mine with a look that is love's own,  
And in the murmur of that sigh I hear  
affection's tone ;  
Sweet, thou *dost* love me !

## TO A SUNBEAM.

### 1.

Sunbeam, whither art thou straying?  
With the breath of morning playing,—  
Go'st thou forth to vernal bowers,  
Greeting with smiles the opening flower  
Radiant sunbeam tell me?

### 2.

Wilt thou dance o'er emerald fields,  
Where its sweets the cowslip yields;  
Or through the cool and leafy grove  
Glance on some trysting place of love  
Radiant sunbeam tell me?

### 3.

4.

Wilt thou make the meads more gay,  
Where boyhood holds its holiday ;  
Chasing the butterfly or bee  
(Those bright-wing'd types of liberty),  
Radiant sunbeam tell me ?

5.

Wilt thou through the dungeon wall,  
Which holds the maniac's limbs in thrall,  
Gleam, like Hope, with golden hair \*  
To tell him Heaven smiles even there,  
Radiant sunbeam tell me ?

6.

Wilt thou, through the curtained pane  
Shed light on sickness' couch again,  
And tint with Hope's own glowing dye  
The faded cheek, the sunken eye,  
Radiant sunbeam tell me ?

\* " And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her  
golden hair."

*Collins's Ode on the Passions.*

Will thou o'er some shadowed to  
Through vista of the Cypress glade  
Burst like some summer-tinted wave  
To tell of light beyond the grave,  
Radiant sunbeam tell me

8.

And art thou, when thy course is  
And sinking down—thy labours done  
To some bright haven in the west  
An emblem of the Christian's rest  
Radiant sunbeam tell me

## GENIUS.

### 1.

How little think the careless crowd,  
Who idly turn the poet's page—  
The cold, the selfish, or the proud,  
Whom the light gauds of earth engage ;  
How little think they of the hours  
Beside the taper's sickly flame,—  
With fever'd brow, exhausted powers,  
That *he* has toiled for bread or fame ?

### 2.

How little think the careless crowd,  
While listening some melodious lay,  
In scenes of joy, where mirth is loud,  
Of wasting health, and slow decay ;—  
Of the pale cheek, the languid eyes, .  
The frame worn down by mental pain,  
Toiling for what *they* lightly prize,  
Life's bitter morsel to obtain !

... glass they on the tea  
Dropped on the music-breath;  
Whose melody enchants the ear,  
And holds in spell-bound  
soul;  
Nor wreck they of the chamber  
The scanty meal—the frugal  
All, all, the sad privations know  
To those who strike *for bread* !

4.

While others, lulled in balmy rest  
Are idly dreaming in repose,  
With the world's ready friendship  
Mid all that luxury bestows ;—  
THE A. B. C.

5.

Ah ! hard indeed is Genius' fate !  
Giving to loftiest feelings birth,—  
Thoughts, which refine, and elevate,  
It cannot bow to things of earth :  
And thus the mind, where talent's gem,  
As in a casket, lies enshrined,  
Cannot the world's rude torrent stem,  
Nor drudge, the worldling's wealth to  
find.

6.

Ah ! sad indeed is Genius' lot !  
In life too little recognized,  
'Tis left unnoticed, or forgot,  
By sordid minds reproached—despised ;  
And not till death its seal hath set  
Upon the Bard's devoted name,  
Does memory with too-late regret  
Garner for him the wreath of Fame.







